RURAL REPOSITORY.

OR BOWER OF LITERATURE.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."

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POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

ASMOR, OR THE DESIRE OF FAME.

" Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where fame's proud temple shines afar,
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune a continual war;
Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

Asmor was a wild and wayward boy—first in the school-boy's playful gambols and foremost in the mimic battle—the liveliest of the band and most skilful in the intrigues of merriment; but his heart all life and gaiety while in the bloom of youth was changed; and he scorned those petty trifles with which he had before been amused; and study and meditation became his chief delight.

He now rather shunned society and all its amusements, and loved most to wander among the beauties of creation, and sport in the fairy regions of imagination. Often as the sun was setting behind the blue mountains, I have seen him wandering along the green wood path, to enjoy the inspiration of solitude and the wonder-working fancies of his own bosom. And often in his rambles along the green, sloping banks of the river, he would sit him down beneath some venerable oak and read. The impassioned language of the poets and the tender pathos of the tales de l'amour would touch the fond feelings of his heart, and elicit tears of love and admiration; for he envied not the meed of praise bestowed on the authors, but only wished that he might write like them—might strike the hidden chords and wake the tender music of the soul. He would look on the tree, the flower, the stream, and seem to ask them to aid his purpose—he would call upon the " burning stars, and the bright moon to shed over him effulgent rays of genius. His aspirations were for fame. In this was centered every hope and fear, every pleasure and enjoyment. For this he left haunts of pleasure, and sought in the paths of science, and the giddy mazes of philosophy, for that which alone could impart a balm to his soul, or render his life a blessing.

But few are doomed to obtain the prize of Fame, though every thing be yielded up at her shrine, even to health, peace, and fortune; disappointment at length comes; and the young devotee bows down beneath his load of sorrow. Thus it was with Asmor. His youth was now fast fleeting away and manhood advancing with all its sad realities. Without being able to accomplish the desired object, he had travelled far in the paths of science, but saw no end to the undertaking; as he advanced, new labyrinths of knowledge rose up before him, to pass through which, life seemed much too short, and his exertions altogether insufficient. Fate had opposed him in all his endeavours. He looked on the past as a dream—cursed the day of his birth—and wept that Nature had not endowed him with talents capable of overcoming every obstacle that intervened between him and the object of his affections. He no longer desired the prolongation of life, now nothing but a scene of desolation; but his spirit longed to burst its frail tenement of clay, and soar uncontrolled in the climes of immensity to search for the mansions of bliss.

The playful zephyrs of the evening just moved the leaves of the trees, and the moon flung her radiance over the landscape; the stream rolled gently along the mountains' base and the bright stars, mirrored in its bosom, shone sweetly through the golden waves, while Asmor sat upon its bank resolved to die. His visage was wan and pale, the beauty of his cheek was dimmed, and the brightness of his eye was turned into one long—deep—hollow look of melancholy. He appeared absorbed in meditation, as though his thoughts were still brooding over the object of departed hopes, unwilling to relinquish the desire of its enjoyment. He stood as if in doubt—the thousand

anticipations and endearments of youth rose up before him like ghosts of the dead—the pleasures of his school-boy days came afresh on his mind—one by one he recalled his most intimate associates, and pondered on the recollections of their warm friendships—the veil of forgetfulness, that concealed the image of many a fair one—whose confidence and affection he had enjoyed and with whom he had passed as many moments of pure and uninterrupted happiness—was removed, and he saw that sweet form, still breathing all its youthful beauty and animation. The remembrance of those pleasures, the fondness of his parents, and the heart-rending emotions they must suffer, caused him to pause. He looked around on Nature clothed in silent loveliness—"But, hark! whence that low and thrilling sound, which came on my ear like the voice of an Angel, breathing into my soul the soft melody of love! 'Tis some spirit from the far caves of the ocean come to bear me to her bright isle of rest." That tone! whence was it? He turned and saw through the green folinge a female form, wrapt in the gracefulness of youth, kneeling beside a mound, and offering her prayers to Heaven. He saw as the moon beams flitted across her brow, the sweet outline of her face and the beautiful symmetry of her features, her dark auburn tresses, which, twining round her forehead, floated loosely on her neck, her pale hand raised towards the vault of Heaven, her lips so sweetly parted, her eyes suffused with tears, which fell on the grass like dew drops of crystal; and the gems of her tiara, the bracelets of her arms, the studded gems that encircled her waist, and the sparkling cross that hung upon her bosom. He stood in silence, contemplating the beautiful picture—he advanced—she arose and passed into the grove like a sylph. The wind hushed its whispers—all was silent—a cloud veiled the moon—all was dark—Asmor trembled least he stood on enchanted ground and fled.

He now hardly knew how to act—the events of the preceding evening were yet full on his memory; and his heart was agitated by contending principles; he however at length determined to revisit the place, and get another view of the fair stranger, whom—notwithstanding his precepts of philosophy—he almost fancied some supernatural being—the inhabitant of some happier sphere. He came; but in vain he strolled evening after evening along that stilly shore, or reposed himself on the green, concealed by the shades of the wood—he saw nor heard—He imagined it merely the reverie of his disturbed brain and disordered imagination.—He gave all up—paused—thought—resolved—and re-resolved—and stood again upon the brink—All was now confused—faint and indistinct—his ideas rushed over the mirror of his mind, with the fury of the whirlwind—the sudden crash of thunder to overwhelm his reason—he endeavored to support himself against the impetuosity of the tempest, but like a bark tossed on the heaving billow, he yielded to its violence—reeled—fell senseless—on the ground.

The sparks of life began to revive in the bosom of Asmor. He fancied himself reclining on a couch of roses—but where? He listened to the concert of the birds, inhaled the dewy fragrance of the morning air—he heard whispers soft and low like music, he thought, stealing on his ear—where was he? in his own native woods or did he in reality rest in the gardens of Paradise, the bowers of perpetual bliss? The mist began to fade—he opened his eyes—but how great was his surprise, when he found himself beneath his favourite tree, reposing in the arms of the beauteous stranger, who bent over him with the watchful solicitude and devoted fondness of a sister ready to impart every consolation in her power! What is like the affection of a virtuous woman, so pure and heavenly, who indeed may seem as an Angel designed for the solace of man in this his earthly pilgrimage!—she alone can dispel the gloom that hangs upon his heart!—can shed a radiance of hope, where Despair clothed with the mantle of darkness rules sole monarch! So thought Asmor as the beams of tenderness that sparkled in her large blue eyes sent a thrill through his heart, reviving all the dormant emotions of his youth, and a smile trembled on his lip as he gazed on the beautiful object before him—and he fainted—the change was too sudden—too happy for his anticipations—but it was only to share new caresses of affection and the rainbow of pleasure that sat smiling in her countenance when he awoke. The first moment of surprise and agitation being over, all which had passed so strange and vague to the mind of Asmor, was explained. Love took possession of his heart—he offered her his thanks and benediction, and they parted, but not without a promise to meet again.

Asmor was naturally sensible and had often experienced the influence of love; often the tender expression of an eye and the magic of a sweet voice had discomfitted his thoughts, dissipated his philosophy and overpowered every principle of preferment, but as Fame held the chief seat in his affections, as he offered to her the incense of devotion, their power was of course but momentary: he felt the charms of beauty and accomplishment—struggled with their spells—and would at last come off victorious, but faint and disconsolate:—yet often their influence was so great that he gave himself entirely up to their dictates—but doubt and disappointment were his reward and he returned with a redoubled resolution never to be swayed again. However at this time of sorrow he would have fain placed his hope in another, and settled down with her to enjoy the pure blessings of life, unmingled with the desire of Fame, which, if he were worthy, could only grace—after a life spent in toil and vexation with no friend perhaps to mitigate his sorrows, none to participate in his few pleasures—the cold damp grave which should close the scene of his misfortunes.

Juliette was an English lady—amid the smiles of affluence and prosperity, her beauty vivacity and wit commanding universal admiration, she had been taught to tread the mazes of fashion—to imitate—conceal—and shroud the rich-toned affections that revelled in her bosom. But her pleasures, while in their meridian, were suddenly blasted. Her father was no more—And her mother by birth an American, resolved to return to her native country, and spend there the remainder of her days. They came—and settled with a brother, not far distant from the Hudson in a lonely and romantic situation. Juliette felt lone and sad—she fancied she had deserted the world and all its allurements to dwell in a wild solitude—she only associated with her cousin Lerinda, with whom she would often walk forth in the woods and praires, to hear the warbling notes of the birds, which she imagined, were the same she had heard in her gardens at home; or to gather the flowers, which she fancied resembled those of her own green arbour. But it was not long ere another gem was plucked from her coronal. Her mother gradually fading away, resigned herself to the tomb, and was laid at her own request in a grove not far distant, where Juliette often resorted—Juliette's last hope was withered—she was a lone and isolated being. Though her relations were very kind to her and strove to amuse her in every manner, and Lerinda, whom she tenderly loved for her fondness, and congeniality of sentiment, was ever attentive; yet so short was their acquaintance, she seemed only as a stranger; so that she found nothing to relieve the sorrow that racked her spirits—neither sought she—her all was gone. She came frequently to visit the grave of her mother, where she passed her happiest moments. though moments of tears—of lamentations—bringing some fresh rose—a token of her love and remembrance.

It was here that she first saw Asmor—here unobserved she heard his soliloquies, and fathomed the deep recesses of his heart. His appearance and his pure unsophisticated sentiments could not fail to move a heart so sensible and desolate as Juliette's. But she knew not of the despair, which was concealed within, till she saw him ready to terminate existence, when she. at the moment he fell, sprung towards him, and by the force of her arm rescued him from oblivion, and by the smile of her lip and the sweet glance of her eye, subdued his obdurate feelings and restored him to the enjoyment of life and happiness.

Often now, as twilight shed her blushing loveliness over the western skies, when the shrill voice of the whippoorwill was heard on the mountains, and the music of the guitar steals softly over the waters, enhancing the deep, sweet hour of meditation, and arousing the heart's fond emotions, the romantic visions of earlier years and the knell of their departed pleasures—would they wander together in those scenes, rendered dear to each for the past recollections they ever awoke—and giving themselves up to the inspiration of the hour the music of their hearts were in concord, and Love and Holiness sat twining around them their everlasting wreaths of beauty. Indeed such was their familiarity, that it seemed as if Geoneha himself, or otherwise the spirit of their destiny, had inspired them with a reciprocal attachment, and opened the way for its completion. Asmor thought the pleasures of those moments had atoned for all the sorrows of his past life, which he now considered as only designed for the completion of his happiness, and consummation of his greatness: they gave a new zest to his studies and awoke every spark of ambition for their completion, which was to crown his hopes with success; though owing to the unflowery paths of his profession, he would often relapse and fall into earlier fancies, and to relieve the oppressions of his mind, he would seize a pen and paint the burning ideas of his brain, or look forward with anxiety to the hour when he should meet his beautiful Juliette on her evening rambles and enjoy the blessings of her converse; but by diligent application and unwearied exertion he rose—and now resides in ——, his wife all he anticipated, lovely, amiable and accomplished, and himself enjoying the reputation of a scholar and statesman.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE UNEDUCATED WIFE.

(Continued.)

He was soon quietly settled near Philadelphia, where he waited patiently a long time; but at last weary and disheartened, finding his funds gone, and fearing that even his friends were tired of him, he took the little girl, and retired quite back into the country to hide himself and his sorrows from the world.

One day being in pursuit of game, he met an old Indian chief, whose life he had once saved in a skirmish, taken him to his tent and kept him until he was able to go back to his tribe. Sanaqua intreated the general to go with him,

"My nation," says he "are grateful; they will love the white warrior who saved their chief's life—they will make a house and give him corn—he can himself shoot the deer—come with us."

The old man went, and true to the word of the chief, they supplied him with every thing necessary to support life. The little Isidore they almost worshipped, called her by every tender epithet, and brought her every dainty they could find; but, as he concluded, he said, "Am I not supported by charity!—by the charity of savages, while my countrymen refuse to share with me the blessings which I have toiled and bled to obtain!"

He trembled and turned pale, his limbs seemed to lose their strength, and but for the support of Fitzgerald he would have sunk on

he floor. He tried to soothe and comfort him by telling him that as soon as the weather was fit he would provide a vehicle, and take him, with Isidore, to his own paternal mansion; he should have his father's study and his room, with all the comforts his old age required.

"I shall leave you for a few days, as I have a tract of land in this country that I wish to see; then return with such a conveyance as will make our journey agreeable."

Fitzgerald dared not trust himself to say any thing of Isidore. He felt he loved her, and he thought the old general would object to his speaking of marrying the child, as he always called her. The old man said, as he took his hand, "My dear son, you are a friend indeed. I rejoice to see that America has still some noble scions from the parent tree that promise to overshadow the land."

While Fitzgerald remained he had constant opportunities of seeing the beautiful and gentle girl; he saw her devoted attention to her grandfather, her patient sweetness at all times, her industry and neatness. How often did he wonder that with so limited a wardrobe, she was always so neat and becomingly arrayed. He knew not, that rather than appear to disadvantage before one that she thought quite too perfect for a human being, she had sat up nights that all might be in order during the day. A more disinterested lovely creature *nature* never formed, but she was just as *nature* formed her, and Albert Fitzgerald enamoured with her beauty, delighted with her artless loveliness, forgot that he did not live among savages, and that a wife for him should be well educated, and accustomed to good society. He forgot that all his life had been spent in cultivating and improving his own mind; forgot how often his beloved and accomplished mother had drawn the likeness, with a master's hand, of the woman she should be proud to call daughter.

But Isidore, the sweet, the exquisitely beautiful Isidore, had put all reflection and reason aside, and he determined to ask her of the old general on his return.

Some days passed ere he could procure a guide to suit him. Watapan, a friend of the general consented at last to go with him. Ere he left, he took General Charlton by the hand, and begged he would lay all his cares aside, and try to get well enough to accompany him back. The old man sighed, looked tenderly at his daughter, and said,

"God bless you, my son, if any thing happens to me, I know you will be a father to this innocent child."

Albert's face was crimson; the word "father" had embarrassed him so much, that when he took Isidore's hand, instead of speaking, he only pressed it to his lips, and raised his eyes to hers. She was pale as marble, and trembled so much, that Fitzgerald was surprised, and almost inclined to think that he was in some way the cause. He said,

"You are ill, Isidore; come into the air:" and leading her to the door, stood by her until the blood came rushing to her cheeks and temples; then again, pressing her hand to his lips, he mounted his horse and galloped away, leaving her leaning against the door.

Isidore had never seen any one to love but her grandfather; she was grateful to the Indians for their goodness to her, but Fitzgerald was above any thing she had ever conceived, and she looked up to him with such devotion and reverence, that he was *worshipped* more than loved. She only thought of him as a friend of her father. To be his *wife*, never entered her innocent thoughts.

A month passed, and no tidings of Albert. The old general had been quite ill for some days. Isidore had made him a bed of dried leaves and bear skins near the fire, and had exhausted all her little skill as a nurse, but his pale looks and faltering voice alarmed her.—One evening, after a restless day, she knelt down beside him to bathe his temples, and began singing the evening hymn, but the general drew her close to him, and putting aside the glossy curls that hung over her polished forehead, said, as he gazed on her,

"I have made shipwreck of the happiness of all that I loved. As your aunt said—I have followed a *phantom*——I fear something has happened to our friend Albert, and my stay here is short."

Isidore shuddered, trembled, and seemed almost fainting.

"Grieve not for me," he said. "I am an old man, and can scarce expect to remain much longer with you. Should you see no more of Fitzgerald, get the Indians to take you to the nearest sea-port, and go to Germany to your Aunt Waldorff. She is noble and well educated, and cannot, when she sees you, refuse you her protection. But you may trust our young friend without fear."

He drew her head to his bosom, and raising his eyes to heaven, seemed for a while absorbed in thought.—The noise of voices disturbed them the door was thrown open, and Fitzgerald entered with a joy-beaming face, exclaiming, "I have come for you, my dear sir,"—but the pale cheek and trembling hand of Isidore checked his eagerness, and when he took the old man's he was startled at its feverish heat.

"You are ill," said he, "but you will, I trust, soon be better, for I have many comforts for you in my snug warm vehicle."

The general looked kindly on him, pressed his hand and sighed deeply. The Indians entered with his baggage, which they assisted him to open, and he produced many little comforts that seemed to revive his friend, for he sat up and conversed quite cheerfully. Isidore resigned her place for the night to Albert, and took some repose, of which she was much in need. Several days passed in the same way, and Albert began to fear the old man was failing fast.

One morning, after a very restless night, he said,

"My dear young friend, I fear I shall never be able to go to your home, but I shall die in peace if you will be a father to my child."

Again the blood rushed to the cheeks and brow of Fitzgerald, and for a moment he was silent, but recovering himself, he said,

"I will protect and defend her with my life: but my dear sir, will you not give me a nearer and dearer claim to protect her? Give her to me for a wife!"

The old man started, and looked up to Fitzgerald—

"Wife! wife!—she is a mere baby."

"I know she is young; but she is old enough to take good care of you, my dear sir, and old enough to make me happy."

"Young man, son of my friend, do nothing rashly—a wife is not the plaything of an hour, a toy merely to look upon—but a companion for life; choose one that will be *a companion*, a friend, one who will at all times be ready to assist you with mind and heart—you have a vigorous intellect, a mind stored with useful knowledge and should have a well-educated and intelligent wife."

Fitzgerald sighed, he recollected how often his mother had cautioned him against being fascinated with beauty: but the soft voice of Isidore in the next room, singing one of his favourite hymns, put all reason and reflection asleep—

"She must be mine, father, if you do not object, and she will accept me."

The general smiled—

"Oh, *she* will not refuse you—and alas, I know too well how headstrong and self-willed the young are. If you are determined to marry her, I will say no more. For myself I should be proud to see her your wife."

Albert's eyes sparkled with joy, and he soon made known his hopes and wishes to the beautiful and gentle Isidore.

The weather was delightful, and Albert felt extremely anxious to be on his way, but the general was evidently failing. One day they had been talking of their journey, and had just raised him into the arm chair that he might see the sun set, when the old Indian entered with a large packet. The general opened it with eagerness, and saw that his claims on his country were acknowledged and settled. He started convulsively from his chair, "*It is too late!*" he exclaimed; then clasping his emaciated hands together, crushed the papers between them, and fell dead upon the floor!

It is impossible to give any idea of the agony and grief of Isidore; she seemed almost beside herself: and Fitzgerald, alarmed for her health, hurried her away as soon as possible after the burial of the old general, who was followed to his humble grave by his two children and the faithful Indians.

I shall pass over their journey.—Isidore's wonder at the towns and cities they visited, and the consummation of their wishes in an union, which, as it was founded on the most disinterested attachment, promised uninterrupted happiness.

It was many months after their marriage, before Fitzgerald took his wife to his residence on the banks of the Hudson. It was a most delightful place—large, convenient, and elegant: and the gentle Isidore thought as she wandered through the superb apartments, how gratified her dear grandfather would have been to see her mistress of such an establishment, and the wife of such a man as Fitzgerald. The library was her favourite apartment. There was a most romantic view of the windings of the river from its windows: it was commodious and well furnished with the most valuable books, and all that was necessary for the employment of an enlightened and cultivated mind, and the requisites for improving an ignorant one. Isidore was too timid to ask questions. She idolized her husband; looked up to him with a reverence, a respect, that placed her at such a distance from him, it was impossible for him to enter into the feelings of her mind or heart. Indeed there was no one that she could make her confidant.

They had now been six months married; part of the time had been spent in travelling, and part at their delightful residence. Fitzgerald had brought home a distant relation of his for a companion and friend to Isidore. She was fashionable and appeared amiable; and he thought that the genteel Caroline Morland would be useful to his lovely wife, as she would need initiating into the polished circles which she must unavoidably enter. Many of his friends had called to see them; all were loud in praise of the exquisite little girl he had married. The house he knew would soon be filled with visitors from the city. He relied upon Caroline as a chaperone; but still he was too proud to acknowledge that his beautiful wife needed any instruction; and he feared it would pain her affectionate heart to inform her of her deficiencies. He was astonished to see, that the lovely creature, who in the forest shades, moved with the grace of a young fawn, was, in the drawing room, when surrounded with a fashionable party, stiff, awkward and embarrassed, "But she is so young—so very young," he would say, "it will soon wear off." Yet the very remedy he had provided only increased the evil. Caroline was envious, indolent, and selfish; and the gentle and amiable Isidore could not unbosom herself to the cold hearted votaress of fashion. She sighed often when she felt her ignorance and awkwardness. Her devoted love to Albert made her so fearful of saying any thing to mortify or disturb him, that she would often hesitate, stop and tremble when she was conversing, and saw her husband's eyes fixed on her. Fitzgerald had expected for several days, some particular friends, to whom he wished his wife

to be agreeable. He told her one morning, as she stood by the glass, arranging her beautiful hair, that Major Harcourt and Mr. Campbell would be with them on the following morning; and, gently pressing her hand, he added:

"Be yourself, my dear Isidore: imagine that we are in the forest; that my friends are Sanaqua and Watapan; let me see you easy and cheerful before them. Shake off that timidity and fear that destroys all your movements. They are both elegant and polished gentlemen, and—"

He stopped—for he felt that Isidore, though exquisitely beautiful and amiable, was not a companion for an accomplished man. She raised her timid eyes to his, and endeavoured to smile away her emotion; but her heart was full, and she took down her hair again to hide the tears that fell upon her bosom. He lifted the curls from her brow, and gently kissing her left the apartment.

"My fears are true!" said she, as soon as the door was closed; "he is ashamed of me! Oh! my revered grandfather, you was right when you said a *child* like me, without education, could never make such a man as Albert Fitzgerald happy."

She pressed her forehead with her hands, leaned on her dressing table, and wept bitterly. Little did the noble-minded and kind-hearted Fitzgerald know the pain he had inflicted. He loved the gentle creature deeply, devotedly, and would have pierced his own bosom sooner than wound hers; but he began to see they had no sentiments in common, except their love of nature. She looked upon her husband almost with wonder, when she heard him display the rich treasures of his polished mind. Worlds would she have given, could she have commanded them, to have understood and conversed with him. She read, but her untutored mind, with none to regulate and guide it, was little benefitted by books; besides, they had crowds of company, and her time had been much occupied in walking the grounds, riding, sailing, music, dancing, visiting, &c.

Isidore often thought how much happier she could have been with Fitzgerald in the wilderness! *There* she was at home: "but *here*," she would say, "I shall be almost a burthen to him for whom I could toil for ever."

The two gentlemen came, and Isidore, knowing they were her husband's particular friends, took great pains with her attire, and she never looked more beautiful than when she entered the room leaning on Fitzgerald's arm. They gazed on her with admiring eyes, and soon procured a seat near her. Had her husband left her, all would have been well; but her wounded spirit shrunk from his observation, and she answered only in monosyllables. Finding it impossible to draw her into conversation, they soon retired to another part of the room. Caroline Morland, as she seated herself beside her on the sofa, inquired,

"What is the matter with my good cousin to-day? you look quite forlorn. Has your canary bird taken flight, or your little spaniel run away?"

Isidore blushed; she saw that Major Harcourt had heard the salutation, and she was confused and distressed. After a few moments silence she said in a low tone,

"I have been indisposed, and had some idea of not leaving my room: but I thought a walk in the air might be of service to me."

"You don't look very ill," said Caroline. "I never saw you have more colour; but you might as well have remained there," she continued in an under tone, and with a scornful look; "we should scarcely have missed you."

Isidore felt too wretched even to reply to this unfeeling speech. The visitors were very animated and agreeable. The only one who appeared listless and dispirited was the innocent mistress of the mansion. She was unacquainted with fashionable life, and the fear of saying something that might displease her husband kept her silent.—He saw she was dull; and drawing her arm within his, he proposed a walk around the garden, inviting as many as chose, to follow him.

"Come Fitzgerald said Major Harcourt, as they left the house, "you are too selfish; allow me the honour," and attempted to take the arm of Isidore; but she clung to her husband who, confused at her showing so much reluctance to accept the proffered attention, said, as he hurried her down a retired avenue.

"Mrs. Fitzgerald is indisposed. I will return to you directly."

When they were quite out of hearing, he begged to know what was the matter, and why she appeared so unhappy?—She sighed, and a tear shot into her eye.

"I am not well! and—"

"Oh, if you really feel ill, retire; and I will apologize to our guests."

She was glad to avail herself of the opportunity, and was soon quietly seated in her own room.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

AN APOLOGUE.

A man, after travelling for a considerable time about the world, returned to his native country. His friends gathered around him, and according to custom, cried, "We are glad to see you in health—come, relate to us your adventures." Ha! how many miracles were in an instant described! "Gentlemen," said he, "amongst other things, you know the great distance there is between the country of the Hurons and ours: Well, at twelve hundred leagues from that country, I have seen a species of men that appeared altogether singular. Frequently they remained seated around a table till very late at night; there is no table cloth,

nor any thing like food on the table. Thunder might roar above their heads; two armies might fight near them; heaven might proclaim that the last day of judgment is at hand; they would not quit their places; it would not occasion the least distraction among them—for they are deaf and dumb. At times, broken words are heard to come out of their mouths: these sounds have no connexion between them, and cannot express much; and yet they have the power to make the eyes of those men roll in a strange manner. I have often looked at them with admiration; they are never in want of spectators, who are drawn thither by curiosity; and believe me, my friends, I shall never forget the terrible faces I saw on many similar occasions. Despair, rage, sometimes a malignant joy, mixed with uneasiness were alternately expressed on their faces. Now it was the fury of the Eumenides; then the serious and sullen mien of the judges of the infernal regions: now the pangs of a criminal conducted to execution." "But," asked the friends of the traveller, "what can be the motives of these miserable beings to assemble thus? Have they devoted their time for the public good?" "No." "Are they seeking for the philosopher's stone?" "No." "Probably they are endeavouring to find out the squares of the circle?" "No. Much less." "Ha! they meet to do penance for their crimes?" "No, no!" "You speak of real maniacs, without hearing, without speaking, without feeling; what, then, can they be doing?"—"THEY PLAY!"

Astonishing performance.—We have seen within these few days—say the editors of the Glasgow Herald—a specimen of fine writing, from the pen of Mr. Miller, which we are sure has never been equalled. Within the compass of a silver sixpence he has distinctly and beautifully written with a pen the Lord's prayer, the creed, the names of the books of the Old Testament, the names of the books of the New Testament, the seven wonders of the world, the five mechanical powers, the seven primitive colours, the five senses, the twelve months of the year, the names of the governor, deputy governor, secretary, and solicitors of the bank of England; the writer's name and age, and having in the centre a drawing of the Glasgow city arms.

During the late floods in the country, the following affecting instance of the attachment of a bird to its young was witnessed in the garden of a gentleman living at Tovil. A kingfisher had reared its fragile abode according to the plain but beautiful rules of nature's architecture, and was sitting with maternal solicitude and constancy on seven eggs, containing the germ of her expected progeny. The water gradually rose, and threatened to overwhelm the mother and her brood—but, faithful to the dictates of nature, and despising danger when duty was in question, she patiently sat on her nest, and perished in the water rather than desert her charge.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1829.

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Connecticut.—W. & M. Yale, Danbury; Alvin Tyler, Harrington; C. Phelps, P. M. Poquonock; Charles W. Eldridge, Somers; John B. Alden, Wethersfield.

New Hampshire.—Asa Britton, P. M. Chesterfield; John Burnham, Lebanon; Wm. Simonds, Walpole.

Massachusetts.—James Wilson, P. M. Waterford; S. Axtele, Windsor; John G. Williams, Deerfield; Isaiah P. Putnam, Fitchburgh; Jeremiah B. Ives, Hadley Upper Mills; R. Whiting, P. M. Lanesborough; Julius L. Bartlet, North Adams; Erasmus D. Beach, Southwick; J. C. Mason, Shrewsbury.

Upper Canada.—Joseph Wilson, Hallowel.

Rhode Island.—Peter Taylor, jun. Providence; A. Winsor, P. M. Slaterville.

Ohio.—Wm. Waters, P. M. Williamsburgh.

The Brunonian.—This is the title of a new monthly, edited by the students of Brown University. The appearance and matter of the first No. are highly creditable both to the taste and talents of the young gentlemen who conduct it.

Familiar Lectures on Botany—Mrs. Lincoln, vice-principal of the Troy Female Seminary, has recently published a work under the above title, which is highly spoken of by those who have had an opportunity of examining its contents. It is said to explain itself so clearly as almost to obviate the necessity of a teacher, and must consequently be considered as a valuable acquisition by persons possessing a taste for Botany.

MARRIED,

At Ridgebury, Conn. on the 30th ult. by the Rev. G. Benedict, Mr. John B. Hathaway, of this city, to Miss Lucy G. Crofut, of Danbury, Conn.

At Poughkeepsie, Mr. Egbert B. Killey, junior editor of the Telegraph & Observer, to Miss Julia Ann Turner.

DIED,

In this city, on the 3d inst. after a severe and distressing illness of four weeks, Melinda, daughter of Amos Carpenter, Jr. aged 10 years, 5 months and 9 days.

On Sunday the 6th inst. Philip, son of Robert L. Livingston, aged 5 months.

At Claverack, Stephen Storm, Esq. aged 69 years.

POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a burial scene—
Attended with the slow and solemn pomp
Of death—The funeral car—the narrow coffin—
And the sable pall were there—The assembled
Multitude stood round in death-like silence,
Save the low sobbing, which broke upon the
Ear, like strains of distant music wafted
On the breeze, and faintly borne aloft, till
Hushed in the lengthened distance; and one
By one advanced to take a parting look:
For one in childhood's bloom had been cut down
By Death's insatiate hand—a budding flower,
That oped its blossoms lovely to the view;
And shed its fragrance on the passing breeze,
Had been untimely nipped—A moment's pause!
The crowd fell back to give the afflicted
Mourners room, to take a last, a long farewell,
Of all that now remained of her, their pride
And only solace—Who can depict a
Mother's anguish! In silent grief she bent,
And lingered o'er the form of her departed
Child, now cold in death—Hers, was not the loud
And boisterous grief, which, like the furious gales
Of passion, agitates the breast and leaves
No salutary influence there,—'Twas
The deep and silent working of a heart
O'ercharged, that, like a lab'ring stream beneath
The surface of the earth, rolled on its course,
Till, gathering strength from each succeeding wave,
It burst its feeble barriers, and swelled
Forth in tones full audible, "and art thou
Gone my child, no more to meet me till the
Resurrection morn!" * * * *
The father too, was there—unmoved he stood,
And wept not at the sight—no pearly drop,
Stood trembling in his eye—no inward anguish
Heaved his flinty heart—no penitential
Sigh—no agonizing groan escaped his
Lips—for cursed Intemperance had steeled his
Sensibilities, and dried the fountains
Of affection—He followed to the grave
The idol of his heart; the Cherub that
Illumed the darkness of his path, and yet
He could not weep. Oh direful monster! Is't
Thus thou mak'st a wreck of all those nobler
Virtues which adorn the human breast! Is't
Thus thou canst transform the heart; fashioned in
The image of its Maker with all those
Gentler feelings, those endearing ties that
Bind it to its fellow! I could not gaze
Upon that ruin, but my eyes grew full
And quick, involutary tears burst forth. JULIUS.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

To the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone:
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh
To reflect back with blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!
I'll not leave thee thou lone one!
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden,
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from life's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? J. B.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES *in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Horn-pipe.

PUZZLE II.—Satur-n Day, Evening, Post—*Saturday Evening Post.*

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

In every city, town and street,
'Tis ten to one but me you meet;
In different forms I court your view,
In red and yellow, green and blue,
Sometimes adorned with shining gold,
Splendid and brilliant to behold
And different characters I bear—
A bull, a buck, a lamb, a bear,
A goose, a cat, a horse, a hen,
A boar, a hound, a Saracen;
A dragon bold, an angel fair,
A man, a woman, or a hare;
A tree, a flower, a crown of gold:
These various forms do I unfold;
With other more exalted things,
As heroes, bishops, queens and kings,
Oft in the clouds you me descry,
When a light shower is passing by;
But though exalted as a chief,
I'm gibbetted like any thief.

II.

Why are opposition steam-boats like corsets?

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